



600100781N



FIFTY-FIFTH THOUSAND.

HYMNS

FOR

THE DAY OF INTERCESSION,

By the Rev. S. J. STONE, M.A.

I. FOR MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

*"Come over into Macedonia and help us!"**Tunes—MELITA ; ST MATTHIAS ; PRESTON.*

THROUGH midnight gloom from Macedon
 The cry of myriads as of one,
 The voiceful silence of despair,
 Is eloquent in awful prayer ;
 The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
 "Come o'er and help us, or we die."

How mournfully it echoes on,
 For half the world is Macedon !
 These brethren to their brethren call,
 And by the Love which loved them all,
 And by the whole world's Life they cry,
 "O ye that live, behold we die !"

14722. L. 33.

By other sounds our ears are won
 Than that which wails from Macedon ;
 The roar of gain is round us rolled,
 Or we unto ourselves are sold,
 And cannot list the alien cry,
 "O hear and help us, lest we die !"

Yet with that cry from Macedon
 The very Car of Christ rolls on !
 "I come : who would abide My day,
 In yonder wilds prepare My way !
 My voice is crying in their cry ;
 Help ye the dying, lest ye die !"

Oh once, for men, of Man the Son,
 Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon !
 Oh by the Kingdom and the Power
 And Glory of Thine advent hour,
 Wake heart and will to hear their cry,
 Help us to help them, lest we die !

Yet fair the hope that speeds us on
 With psalms of praise for Macedon !
 Thy blessing given, Thy promise bright,
 Are earnest sweet of morning light,
 Till "Alleluia" be the cry
 Of souls that live and shall not die !

AMEN.

II. FOR COLONIAL MISSIONS.

"Now are they many members, yet but one body."

*Tunes—AURELIA ; EWING ; TRICHINOPOLY ; PASSION-
CHORALE.*

FAR off our brethren's voices
Are borne from alien lands,
Far off our Father's children
Reach out their waiting hands.
"Give us," they cry, "our portion ;
Co-heirs of grace divine !
Give us the Word of promise,
Give us the Threefold line."

Yea, though the world of waters
Between us ever rolls,
No ocean wastes may sever
The brotherhood of souls ;
Far from us, they are of us ;
No bound of all the earth
May part the sons and daughters
Who share the second birth.

In happiest homely commune,
When sweetest songs are sung,
Awakes those alien echoes
One sacred mother-tongue.

Then let us praise together !
 Together let us pray,
 And go together Homeward
 Upon the ancient way.

Together Heavenward, Homeward ;
 For ever in our view
 One spiritual City—
 Jerusalem the New ;
 For ever drawing nearer
 To ONE beloved, adored,
 The Crucified Who bought us,
 The Crown'd Incarnate Lord.

LORD GOD ! Eternal FATHER !
 Send down the Holy DOVE,
 For HIS dear sake Who loved us,
 To quicken us in love.
 Bless us with His compassion,
 That we, or ere we rest,
 May work to bless our brethren,
 And, blessing, be more blest !

And lo, we pray, rejoicing !
 We praise Thee in our prayer !
 Lo, o'er the wide world mingles
 Our incense on the air :

So pleading we adore Thee,
 GOD of the hearing ear !
 THOU Who so late hast heard us
 Vouchsafe again to hear ! AMEN.

III. HYMN OF INTERCESSION.

*" The Lord gave the word : great was the company of
 those that published it."*

Tunes—HOLLINGSIDE ; ST GEORGE ; CASSEL.

(It is suggested that this Hymn be sung all kneeling.)

GIVE the word, Eternal King,
 Swift and fair from hill to hill
 Speed the angel feet that bring
 News of glory and good-will—
 News of Freedom's open door,
 Thy Redemption's sweet release,
 Priceless treasure to the poor,
 To the weary perfect peace.

Give the word, Ascended Son,
 By the travail of Thy soul,
 By the triumph it hath won,
 Let the tidings onward roll ;

In the depth and o'er the height
 Thy Love's banner be unfurled !
 Make Thine own, in hell's despite,
 All the kingdoms of the world !

Give the word, O Holy Ghost,
 West and East, and South and North,
 Make a second Pentecost ;
 Bid Thy companies go forth,
 Bearing all the gifts of grace,
 On Thy Wings, O mystic Dove—
 Visions of the Saviour's Face,
 Music of the Father's Love.

Father, Son, and Spirit, GOD !
 By the sum of human ill,
 By Thy dread avenging rod,
 By Thine all-absolving will,
 Lo, before Thy feet we fall !
 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
 Three in One, and All in All,
 Hear our cry and give the Word !
 AMEN.

IV. HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

"Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, Who only doeth wondrous things ; and blessed be His glorious name for ever : and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and Amen.

Tune—ALLELUIA PERENNE (Monk).

LORD of the Harvest ! it is right and meet
That we should lay our first-fruits at Thy feet
With joyful Alleluia.

Sweet is the soul's thanksgiving after prayer ;
Sweet is the worship that with Heaven we share
Who sing the Alleluia !

Lowly we prayed, and Thou didst hear on high—
Didst lift our hearts and change our suppliant cry
To festal Alleluia.

So sing we now in tune with that great song
That all the age of ages shall prolong
The endless Alleluia.

To Thee, O LORD of Harvest, Who hast heard,
And to Thy white-robed reapers given the word,
We sing our Alleluia.

O CHRIST, Who in the wide world's ghostly sea
Hast bid the net be cast anew, to Thee
We sing our Alleluia.

To Thee, Eternal SPIRIT, Who again
 Hast moved with life upon the slumbrous main,
 We sing our Alleluia.

Yea, West and East the companies go forth :
 "We come !" is sounding to the South and
 North ;

To GOD sing Alleluia !
 The fishermen of JESUS far away
 Seek in new waters an immortal prey ;
 To CHRIST sing Alleluia !
 The Holy DOVE is brooding o'er the deep,
 And careless hearts are waking out of sleep ;
 To HIM sing Alleluia !

Yea, for sweet hope new-born—blest work
 begun—

Sing Alleluia to the THREE IN ONE,
 Adoring Alleluia !

Glory to GOD ! the Church in patience cries ;
 Glory to GOD ! the Church at rest replies,
 With endless Alleluia !

AMEN.



